EXHIBIT A: PERSONAL NARRATIVE AND TESTIMONY

In support of this request, I am submitting as Exhibit A the following personal and poetic reflection, entitled “Testimony of Estrangement, Labor, and Harm — A Survivor’s Reflection.” This narrative is essential to a trauma-informed, client-centered review, and I respectfully request that it be read in full and entered into the record as part of your deliberation. While statutory and clinical documentation provide necessary legal and medical context, they often do not capture the full scope of harm, resilience, and estrangement experienced by survivors of trauma, coercive control, and displacement. The creative and personal elements of this testimony are intended to provide additional perspective on the real-world impact of institutional and interpersonal challenges, and of the labor and harm that statutory language alone cannot convey. Exhibit A may be given meaningful consideration alongside statutory and clinical evidence.

SUMMARY OF KEY POINTS FROM EXHIBIT A:

- The consequences of coercive control and estrangement from family and community.
- The emotional and material costs of seeking safety and stability, including the loss of support networks.
- The transformation from survivor to self-advocate and litigant, and the challenges faced when support was not available as hoped.
- The interplay of labor, love, and harm—how efforts to build and care for others have sometimes been met with neglect or exploitation.
- The ongoing struggle for dignity, recognition, and a place to call home.

1. The coercive control that has alienated me from my friends and family has been dire. My dire need of a home was unfortunately at the cost of my once-chosen family, who have deemed me too brute, and so left me unsettled. And now as I proceed with exiting, I have focused my attention for readmission at the surprise of all those who doubted me. My sense of importance and pillar for those who once considered me a brother, and a cousin, have been mourned, and I, again reborn, rise as a litigant.

2. I proceed in pro per, proceeding with a mass of civil torts. The real damage came from the promise of help from the people I relied on. It is quite alarming to believe my words of jest would be received and gagged them. Not one word would digest; would the beauty of my play in script be dismissed due to offense? Shall my code disrupt your comfort to the most extent? I do fear for you. As I prepare my pleading, understand the promise of an outdoor gym was rightfully yours.

3. The permitance of allowance has gashed a nasty gouge. Poor O boy has been confined by benevolent brothers, who prefer to see their little brother behind beer and bars. It enrages me to the core that abuse from the main jefe has gone unchecked. Why is the response to protect the one man who wasn't even there at your own birth? I scoff at the fact that my sense of pride growing up was because I was the only one he cared enough to nurture into this world. Need you forget, she brought home brother on her own, having to deceive the nurses by saying her man was out waiting for her in the lot. She brought him home, and I recall the door open on Griffith, and there he was, after spending a week in the hospital, a whopping 10 pounds, and a C-section. Tell me why now it's the efforts of abusers who vow to keep this lil man down.

4. Those at Meadow Creek sit in the gardens of my true labor of love. The equity I have amassed is none, but for those true self-important malice maneuvers, be prepared to go up against your son. It's with true love that running an illegal barbershop in cohesion and real damage, as seen by the DUI and his cries for help, drinking every day and wanting to die. I am the one who is crazy to care so much for my brother's life. Your intentional malice has been clear, my oppression, the negligent cases are your doing, you and you the man whom I had to protect many from their batter. It's time to batter up, this logic just might bust a dent upside your head, and you. I demand my dues for unjust enrichment, negligence, infliction of emotional distress on your youngest, the intentional infliction of emotional distress on me, and for cohesion malicious choice to not care for his life. The case I have is set. I will be referencing your project as proof of my work, and the reason as to why I was trusted. I expect this to make you the joke. You must omit the Santos. That's my name, vato. Soy El Pro Per, AKA Mr. Poodle Boy. CEO of Dos Santos Inc. and makes me sick to the core to know that Ex-Google CEO cares so much about winning. Winning in the scope of humanity means nothing, I mean nothing if it's true greed you bear.

5. So, I am the best man I know, I'm not going, I'm not going—I am the best man I know. I will be free, and I don't give a fuck if you don't love me, cause I love my broke ass, and so do you, and you and definitely not you. We're gonna love deep. We're gonna set this hurt free, we're gonna make sure you know you matter, not by government subsidies, but by distributing wealth back into those losers' thin-ass pocketbooks. Look over there, over there. Do you understand your life doesn't matter because you've been made to believe by wealth hoarders that you're a schmuck? Have them gagging over your needs and exploit you at your lowest, choke grip motives, lock you out of your home, and fly out to Jordan, Venezuela, Honduras. Seethe to your win, it's not possible to see you win, you're the loser who was too brute to bear. I swear you are brute, I'm unsettled, so I will make you homeless. Fuck, truly do I worry, you are way too near deceit to believe you can make any moves, your care for your brother holds you near to my heart in contempt. Fuck I look like, answering to some kid who ain't got no money, please. My own growth is stifled by those who refuse to pay me for my labor, my labor of love, my labor of tenacity. Foolish ledgers thought I could mean something to someone, I seem to cause too much disruption, my needs make people's feelings fester. Surely do I sequester my joy in growth, to dream of groves of drones pollinating meadows, but here I see my brother suffering and believes I am the cause of the worry, surely do I fester. I no longer come around, I wait in the aqueducts, with not one trickle, I sit in trenches pleading these papers will make this world collapse. So I'll dream of meadows, a creek where a boat will bring me upstream, and ensure this lil man knows that I've fought for me enough to know, that they will not fight for you. In fact, they will ensure your aqueducts bear only sewage.

POETIC REFLECTIONS:

No te Dejes Manipular

No te dejes manipular de gente que no sabe amar.
Habla, cabrón! Saca todo lo que tienes guardado.
No te escondas más.
Saca todo lo que tienes guardado.
No te escondas más.
Defiéndete.
Yo te enseñé, las cosas no cuadran.
Te he demostrado lo que es el amor.
Mírame como te abrazo fuerte.
No te lo restriego en la cara, pero ellos sí se esconden.
¿Ves cómo actúan?

Reflejan la vergüenza de tu madre, la ausencia de tu padre,
el coraje de tu carnal y la camaradería artificial de primos.
Ahora sí, carnal, ¿vamos a salir de esto juntos?
¿O te vas a quedar estancado en el pasado?
Abre los ojos y deja de sufrir.
Yo soy el amor, wey.

David, I See You
Sir, David Brubaker, it is incredible the extent you will take
your sense of self to be in tandem cost of tuition.
With your noggin, I am certain you'll make it happen.
Your pattern is quite predictable,
the anger that seeps out of you is quite the charm.
I've never been so near deceit, as I was this year
near a man who groans for everything, and fights for nothing.
Nothing important, that is, and it's a shame to know
you choose to believe any motive was for some pocket change.
The self-righteousness to claim solidarity,
and support of revolution is the grimiest and most grounded truth you have shown.
Let's recall who you choose to allow access
to the place you've worked your whole life for.
Take a quick glimpse at your gallery.
Take note of the beings who choose you despite the often faulty exterior.
It's clear you are hurting, I'm not gonna hurt you more.

Defined by Limitations
Driving miles on out-of-service highways,
Wasting time, our decommissioned efforts.
You got yours, so I got mine.
When we retain our labor, tax-free in these ghetto streets,
When we care for each other, We must omit worry.
There is no fear.

I Am Sorry & So, I am the best man I know.
I am so sorry you felt discomfort,
Awh, you are hurting to see me in need.
Your discomfort is far too much to bear.
To bear hug me with the sweet tender love
That defines.
Your distance means nothing.
I mean nothing if it is true love you bear.
So, I am the best man I know.
I am not going.
So I am telling you, I am not going.
I am not going, see I am the best man I know.

I will be free,
And I don't give a fuck if you don't love me.
Cause I love me,
And so do you.
And you, and you.
I am gonna love deep.
Truly, I've suffered.
We are gonna love deep.
We're gonna let this hurt free.

Worry and Work & Building and Breaking

Truly I omit worry.
I've worried deep, far, far too long.
What good does worry do when you're aligned with what a tweaker do?
Embedded in the space, we added mass
Upon structure to isolate sound—
12 sheets of ¾" OSB, smothered in green,
With glue compound in between.
I've walked alone, apparently.
My intensity was coming off too dense.
Batter up, best you brought a hard hat.
My logic might just bust a dent upside your head.
Forget it now, you're directing this segment now.
I'm not confined by your worries now.
I'm building a network, executive producer.
You set the groundwork for the future.
Expanded through collections, work brought thoughts out of introspection.
I'm speaking global.
This is communal; we go out lately.
Hello, my old friend.
You changed your name, but not the way you play pretend.

Hurt and Truth & Looka' there, looka' there

Seeds are planted, deep-seated fears,
I see you. You're hurting here.
Come a little closer, dear.
I hug you, I love you, my dear.
You didn't deserve to go at it alone,
Fought for your life,
Thought the chosen kin would hold you.
Ignored your attempts at closeness,
Sought out lighthearted conflict.
Brute, unsettled homeless.
It's a lot of chatter going on,

But let me make myself clear—
Can you hear me? Or do you fear me?
Can we stand for something?
Now is the time to face the wind.
Now is not the time to play pretend.
I thought you were family.
I get it, you're shameful to consider yourself faithful,
I fear there's demons inside,
Misguided by hate, you know it all right.

Revelation
The person I met would be ashamed of themselves,
To drink the Kool-Aid, sipping on no sugar.
Sourpuss mouth, you're hiding from yourself.
You done me dirty, I know my efforts and energy
Have always been wrapped up in gestures,
My words off-color.
I know it's scary, the truth, the heartache, the worry.
Speak on it now, I said speak on it now.
Reveal yourself, don't hide in the trenches.
Don't blindly listen, they don't know how to love without
Control or coercion.

The Final Call & The Reckoning
Be honest, speak out, the terror.
Defend your life, you better.
I taught you in letters,
These numbers ain't adding up.
Alongside you, I've modeled what it is to love.
Witness me in the warmth of hugs,
Withci, withci, witchi.
It's not about throwing it in your face.
Looka' there, looka' there.
See how they hide their face.
Do you see how you just refract
The spitting image of your mother's shame,
The silent absence of your father's gaze,
The violent struggle of your brother's rage,
The reckless ledger of your sister's page,
The fraudulent camaraderie of your cousins.
The false solidarity of what you fought to believe is true.
LOOK, LOOK, LOOK.
Will we stand through now as one?
Will you choose to sit in the residuals of the past,

In tandem with the one, only one—denial?
Refuse to see me clearly and forever suffer.
I am love; you sit in the gardens of my true selfless, free labor.
Direct your hate towards me.
I swear you will regret
The ways you've said my name in vain.
Screenplay writers on strike, looks like it's time for your shot.
I'm impressed at the stories made.

PROCEDURAL NOTE:

I would appreciate written confirmation that Exhibit A has been received, read in its entirety, and entered into the record as part of your review.
I am available to discuss any aspect of this testimony or to provide further context as needed, and I hope that the lived experience reflected in Exhibit A will be given careful consideration alongside statutory and clinical evidence.